## Poet's Corner.

Lie quiet, Heart, and dream of tender things, Dream back again to all the vanished springs,

Forget in dreams that Love is lost to sight, And we alone Are watching where it paled -that vision bright, Once all our own. Dream on, my Heart; remember not to-night All thou hast known.

For, O sad Heart, the dream will soon have sped; Tis fading fast.
The Love we leve in dreams will soon be fled Back to the past; And thou wilt ask with tears, when Hope is dead, "Was this the last?"

-Grace H. Dunfield in Independent.

THE LITTLE WIFE AT HOME

The dear little wife at home, John, With ever so much to do, Stitches to set, and babies to pet, And so many thoughts of you; The beautiful household fairy, Filling your heart with light; Whatever you meet today, John, Go cheerily home to night.

For though you are worn and weary, There are words like darts to geatle hearts, There are looks that wound and hurt. With the key in the latch at home, John, Drop the trouble out of sight; To the little wife who is waiting, Go cheerily home to-night.
-Woman's Magazine.

### THE HOLY MAN.

Yen Tszee was very old. In all the villages, for many miles around, none was so old, none so wise. He had sold all he had and given the money to the poor one year, when the Ho-Ang-Ho had broken over its banks and had swept all the rice and millet crops down toward the sea. He had been very rich, and his benefactions had saved many hundreds of people from starvation. But when they blessed him and would have given him back his great possessions after one

forefathers made me rich, and I have no son to leave riches to. Be you all my one hand and an enormous knife raised sons and enjoy your heritage now." So he dwelt in a little house he had builded with his own hands on the mountain side, and ate of the millet which he grew on a little patch of ground he had cleared, and wanted

And because he was wise he healed the people when they were sick, and prayed I will waste no words, but come back to for them when they died, and taught | you. Now, go.' And the man went them many proverbs from the writings | without a word, and Bowie then joined of the poets; for his books only he had in the singing of the hymn with an air not sold. And so they would have wor- that was edifying in the extreme. There shiped him, but he forbade them, saying: | was no more trouble that night, nor ever "I am a man also. Pray not to me till I after. The roughs had enough."-Washam dead, for then it may be that I can | ington Herald. hear and can help you.'

Meantime he prayed always, to his forefathers and to Buddha. And he builded him a little prayer wheel for for anything, and Anglo-Indian law will himself and set it in the brook that ran back him up in his villainy. If in passdown the mountain side, so that night | ing through a crowded bazar your clothand day his prayers were always rising ing should brush against a heap of grain to Buddha for his soul. But he builded exposed on the ground, as everything is a greater wheel for his neighbors, and set here, and if this grain merchant should it where there was more water, for he claim that this grain was set apart for said: "I am only one, and they are native food; if this honest native chooses

grimage to the banks of the great river his side, and the judge also, if, as is so that none can see across because there often the case, the judge be a Hindoo. are mists and clouds and always the You may wish to keep house in a modfarther bank is veiled in darkness where est sort of a way, and you may wish to ghosts, live forever. And he prayed possible. In America one servant, or where so many were crossing every day; keep a dozen at least. Your bhistle will,

Yen Tszee was very sad every year the rule of his caste. Your khansama when the boatman came not, and he will cook your food-that is, the small went back to his little house on the portion of it that he does not steal, but mountain side with a heavy heart; but | will not wait on table; for this you must the people rejoiced when he returned, have your khidmuggar. Your syce will for they loved him. And he would see drive, but will not clean or harness your English Coach Harness ! that they were glad and he would forget horse; for this you must pay another his sorrow, until the winter would come again, when he could not work in the field nor visit the sick, and the days were dark, and the nights long. Then he prayed, saying: "Because I am very old and my arms and my legs are weak, and because I have no more joy in my body, I would cross the great river," and again he would make the pilgrimage and watch and wait for the boatman: but he came not.

But at last there came a ninter when it was nies cones colder than he had ever known, and when the snow was very deep. And he could not go to his neighbors when they were sick, and they could not come to him, for they were sick, and he was old and very feeble. And he went again to the river. The way was long, and his poor, thin

legs bent under him as he toiled through the snow and ice, and his heart failed him because he was sick with the cold but he went on till he came to the river, and the boatman was there, and the boat Then Yen Tszee said: "Are you come

to take me across the river?" bent, and who wore a thick veil, said: "Yes, if you are ready."

And Yen Tsee said: "I am ready." Yen Tszee was very glad, and he drew near to the boat to step in that he might cross the river; but when he came near, he stopped and shrank back, for there was no bottom to the boat, and there was yet. Again, Anglo-Indian law is on the nothing but water for him to step on, and the water was very black and colder Tribune. than ice. He shuddered, and said: "I am very cold and I am too old and weak; I cannot go in the water."

Then the boatman said: "If you have faith, the water will be as the bottom of the boat, and you shall go across the river; but if you have not faith it will not hold you up."

Then Yen Tszee said, "I have faith." and he stepped into the boat, and lo! the water bore him up even the same as the wooden bottom of a boat.

Then the boatman pushed off from the shore, and Yen Tszee was very much afraid, for the river was fery swift and the boat was old and rotten, and the water seemed to rise up on either side; and he thought the boat and the boatman and he would all sink. And he prayed. to Buddha.

The boatman rowed hard and spake never a werd; but he pulled up the stream, and not; straight across, and the harder he pulled the slower the boat went, for the water raged terribly. Then they floated away from the shore, so that Yen Tszee could neither see behind nor before him, because the mist that is al-

ways over the river was very thick. While they were in the middle of the river Yen Tszee saw a man swimming in the icy water, and he was almost spent, so that he could swim no more and was near sinking; and Yen Tszee called to the beatman to stop so that they should save the man. But the boatman said: "No. We cannot stop to save him; because if we do you cannot go across the river, for I cannot carry

Then Yen Tszee wept sorely, for he longed to go across; but he said: "I cannot see this man perish. We must help him. Stop and I will pull him into the

And the boatman stopped and Yen Tszee pulled the drowning man into the boat, and when he looke at his face he saw that it was his own body that he had rescued. And he wondered greatly and looked up at the boatman, and lo! the boatman's veil fell off and Yen Tszee saw that he was not old and bent, but that he was a beautiful angel.

Then the clouds and mist rolled away, and they came to the other side, where Yen Tszee saw Buddha and many angels. And he dwelt there.-Fales-Curtis in New York Independent.

Jim Bowie Quieted Them.

There were three Bowie brothers-James, Stephen and Rezin. They were all "fighting men," as dangerous individuals were denominated in those times, but were not bullies. They never commenced a difficulty, and in the ordinary intercourse with their neighbors were quiet and courteous, but always ready to defend the weaker side. An old Methodist minister, who died years ago, one of the pioneers of Christianity in the early days of the southwest, also told me a story illustrating this characteristic. "I was holding a meeting at Church Hill, Miss., in 1830," said the venerable preacher, "when a lot of roughs, flatboatmen and others disturbed the congregation to such a degree that I thought before the evening service was to begin, I called together several gentlemen to know what should be done if the trouble was renewed? Among those present was a small man whom I had not met before and about whom there was nothing remarkable except his low, soft voice and peculiar ringed gray eyes. 'I don't think there will be any more trouble, parson, he said. 'I will stay to-night and see you through.' I thanked him and in the bustle forgot to ask my friend who he was. The congregation was just beginning the first hymn when a burly ruffian, half drunk, came staggering down the or two prosperous seasons, he would aisle of the church and halting in front In a second the gentleman with the un- spent annually by our people in the hope usual eyes had him by the collar with above his head in the other. 'Sit down, you drunken devil, or by - I will cut your throat from ear to ear!'

"'Why, who are you? said the other, in shaky tones. "'My name is James Bowie,' was the answer, 'and if I hear another whimper out of you or any member of your gang,

A Hindoo will make caste an excuse to make you buy that heap of grain at And every year he made a long pil- his own selling price, he has the law on

Buddha, and the pious dead who are have as few servants about the house as always for the boatmen to come to him | two at most, would be ample, but here and ferry him across the great river on the same scale of living you must carry water and nothing else; such is around the house wide open these hot nights or you cannot breathe, and so you Light Road Harness. must have a chokidar (watchman), who is generally a Gujerati, a well known caste of acknowledged thieves.

The native police, as you would expect, are the worst thieves in the country. Not one of your habor's dozen of servants has one good, honest half hour's work in the whole twenty-four hours, but not one of them will lift a finger to do anything which he does not consider his work, and, as you will see, this is a matter which he has entirely in his own hands. For all of which the excuse is that caste vules will not allow them to do any other kind of work; and although you may know very well that this is an absurd lie, invented only for your annoyance and robbery, yet, what are you go-

ing to do about it? Every man of them steals like a pickpocket, and every man of them will lie in a way which no white man, no matter how talented he may be, can ever hope to imitate. You may be annoyed fice will receive Prompt Attention. beyond all endurance; the inconvenience and loss of time and money may be most serious; but yet, if you let your angry passions rise and get the better of your judgment, and proceed to kick one of these fellows off the premises, you will probably pay a fine of 100 rupees, and then they will boycott you in a way which no trades union ever dared to do side of the native.-Cor. Minneapolis

Music in Europe. Speaking of singing, Mr. Brand made the startling statement that not one public singer in ten in America can read music fluently, while in Europe the children are educated in this direction from childhood. In Stockholm is to be heard the finest chorus in the world-that of the students in the university. A short time before Mr. Brand's visit, an American manager tried to effect an arrangement to bring over 100 of the best singers. In addition to paying the expenses, he offered the students \$1 a week for spending money. They didn't accept. The atmosphere, undoubtedly, has something to do with the fine timbre of Scandinavian voices. Then, too, the loose gowns worn by the women allow their lungs and voices full development. So well do the people read music that large assemblages readily sing pieces which they have never seen before. One chorus of thirty voices which sings for King Oscar and which has practiced together for fifteen years keeps such perfect time that one who hears without seeing the singers would think that it was only a

quartet.-St. Paul Pioneer Press. A Fish Mass Meeting.

Last Sunday morning a burst of laughter disturbed the peaceful atmosphere of the Hennepin Avenue Methodist church. Brother Longfellow was telling the congregation about the picnic to Lake Minnetonka that was being arranged for. He waxed quite eloquent on the subject, and

in the course of his remarks worked in a fish story which is said to be a cake taker. He was telling how good the fishing is at the lake nowadays. "Why," said he, "only the other day I myself saw handreds of fish standing on the out there."-St. Paul Pioneer

Gameness Indicated by Color. Many people might smile if I said that horse's color was an index to his gameness, but such is the case, as I have found from experience, says a veterinary sur-I have closely noted this fact and have had an opportunity to judge, having performed thousands of operations on horses, some of them sufficiently painful to test the gameness of the subject. have found that the most arrant cowards among horses are sorrels and the gamest brutes bays or browns. Some time ago I performed an operation on a pair of chestnut sorrels and they groaned like human beings. A bay or brown will usually suffer without a noise of any kind, just rolling its big eyes in an appealing way which is almost human in its intensity. Gray and white horses, as a rule,

are not particularly game. Half a Crown of Glory. In an English Sunday school the lady eacher was impressing upon her pupils the necessity of being entirely devoted to God. "It won't do, my dear boys," she said "to be half hearted in this service. There is a crown of glory laid up for every one who is good all the time; but do you suppose there is anything for a boy who is good only half the time?" There was an oratorical pause for a moment, and then a big shock headed there would be serious trouble. So, just boy drawled out: "It do zecm to me, missus, that theem as is good 'arf the time, ought to get 'arf a crown, at least.'

> A Practical Age. Ours is a practical age. The old moto, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," has been translated by an Iowa farmer thus: "Boys, don't touch these melons, for they are green, and God sees you."-Boston Congregationalist.

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### IN THE DARK.

The darkness was intense, and it had a singularly depressing effect on me as I groped along, stealthily following the rustling sound of a woman's dress. In the pursuit, I had climbed many stone stairways, and at last I found myself walking on a narrow ledge, scarcely wide enough to afford a safe footing. With my cane I reached over the ledge, but not far, as I could touch nothing, and a feeling of dread came over me lest I should lose my balance. To my left was the wall, which arched so low above as to compel me to stoop in walking. At each step, the overhanging masonry seemed to become lower and lower, as it pressing me into the unfathomable abyss. The darkness momentarily grew more and more dense, oppressive, palpable-it forced itself on all the senses at once. There was a damp, musty smell in the air, and the dust which had been undisturbed for years arose in a flapped their wings almost in my face,

fitting voice to the gloom. The associations surrounding the uncanny place added to the horror of my situation. The building was in a deserted quarter of the City of Mexico. The massive pile had for many years been abandoned by all reputable persons and pursuits. Its labyrinthine interior was a safe refuge for a horde of murderous marauders. Many a brave officer of the law, while searching for a criminal, had been stabbed to his death by a hand suddenly thrust from one of the dark re-

and their harsh, squeaking notes gave a

Only the week before a prominent and respected citizen had been murdered within these dread precincts. His beautiful daughter, Dolores, had formed an attachment for a handsome and dashing young profligate named Manuel Lopez. He was the leader of a band of freebooters who made their headquarters in the building. The father took some determined steps and thought he had broken up the affair; but one day a rumor reached his ears that Dolores often met her lover in that ill famed retreat. One night he followed her, and, to his intense grief, found that the rumor was true. He awaited the meeting, and then rushed knife thrust in his heart. The shrieks of the affrighted girl brought several officers to the spot where the body was found, and the news of the dreadful tragedy spread throughout the city. The funeral took place amid general lamentation, and a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer.

A number of mounted officers scoured the neighboring country; but from the first I was convinced that Lopez had not left his den. From what I could learn of the girl I was also certain that she had not even yet entirely deserted her

My watch of seven days and nights was now rewarded by the reappearance of the girl in the building, and, notwithstanding my fears, I cautiously followed the rustling sound of the dress in the darkness before me. By an occasional glimmer it was evident that the girl had a faint light to guide her steps. Fortunately she moved slowly, and I was enabled to follow closely by carefully feeling my way with my cane and out-stretched hand. My feet were muffled, but I was in constant dread lest my movements should be heard. For some distance the wall to my left was solid, but at last I perceived that it had numerous narrow recesses, much deeper than I could measure with my arm or canc. This increased the horror of my situation, for at each opening I half expected the murderous Spaniard to rush out and hurl me into unknown depths below. Suddenly I was checked in my pursuit by a startling incident. The girl stopped,

the glimmering light entirely disappeared, and I heard a voice, low, but vehement with rapturous delight. "Dolores, my darling! I knew you would come to me, that your love would show you that I was not to blame. And it was not my fault, I swear to you. He knowing what I did, I drew my knife in

self defense-and killed him. I acted on the swift impulse of the moment, and surely you cannot blame me." "I do not blame you, Manuel," the girl said, slowly and with infinite sadness in her tones; "Cut we must part forever. I came to-night to bid you a last farewell." "Ah, do not say that, Lolita!" came the man's voice, in desperate pleading; "see, I could not act otherwise. For your sake, I would never have harmed him-yes, I could even have fought for him; but he came upon me like the wind, he gave me no time for thought-I knew only that one of us must die. Consider, how would it have been had he livedhad he killed me? Could you have been asol, paragon frame, handsome finish. me, and I but served your love when I preserved my life. Think, dear one, you were mine by fate's decree, and are you

> the less mine that I have taken the only course against a man who would have "It cannot be, it cannot be, Manuel," moaned the girl, hopelessly; "my famust part forever."

"Come, come, Dolores, be not too hasty. You must take time to think. Come, let me lead you to a seat. Why do you draw back from ine? I know every foot of the way here, and can find my way as easily in the dark as in the light. Besides, would it be so great a harm if we should fall over this ledgewe, whose love is greater than love of life itself? It is many feet to the stone floor of the court below, and I have Bostonian, because I noticed that you heard it said that before falling half the always smiled when you bowed " flosdistance one's breath is taken away and ton Gazette. death comes as peacefully as sleep to a

babe. Come, Lolita, come!" There was a sound as if the girl were being half led, half dragged over the stones. She uttered an entreating moan, which thrilled me through and through with horror. Little wonder that she was frightened and unwilling to follow her lover; his pleading earnestness had changed to a desperate, despairing tone. felt that he was about to commit some other dreadful deed, but I was powerless to interfere. The ledge along which I had been feeling my way ended abruptly, and my cane failed to touch a further footing in any direction.

Suddenly the noise of dragging, intermingled with moans from the girl. ceased, and the next instant from below I heard a terrible shriek, followed by sounds as if falling objects were striking against projections in a rapid descent. Then all was still again. I peered into the darkness for a moment till I heard a murmur of voices.

At last a lantern was brought. It revealed a group of horror stricken men gathered around two prostrate forms which lay on the stone floor for below. They were the mangled bodies of Manuel Lopez and Dolores, fallen upon almost the same stone where the father had poured out his life's blood a few nights before. - Clara Megandel in The Philadelphia Inquirer.

London Without End. London never fails to impress the tourist with its peculiar place among the cities of the world. There are many presenting far finer groups of buildings; its main thoroughfares, such as Regent street and Oxford street, are not to be compared with those in Paris or Philadelphia; but there is a solidity in its pavement, a steady progress in its vehicles, a sense of continuity in the endless succession of its streets, an air of unpretending confidence in its crowds, an unabashed monotonous urliness in its lines of subur ban villas which is unique. London is the place where incidents and gatherings which would move many a metropolis "to its center" are wholly unnoticed except by such as happen to come across them. Even the most popular events, which may attract some hundred thousand people, do not make a sign or ripple in the surface of the great brick and mortar sea which surrounds the city He must be a very big man, indeed

who can draw direct personal notice in London. Metropolitan news is conveyed not by conversation or verbal rumor, but by journals. The "talk of the clubs" exalted by some "society" papers) is an nfinitesimally small fraction of that which engages the metropolis. There is really no "talk of the town" as distinct from that of the nation. It is sheer size which distinguishes London. Not long ago I stood by the castle in Edinburgh and noticed that I could discern men at work in the fields all around me. There were indications of separate outside life t is so, moreover, in the large transatlantic cities. Down the straight streets of New York you can catch glimpses of white sails on the Hudson or East river, but when you look at London from any square or open space within its borders, there appears no proof that it has any orders at all, or that it ends anywhere. It might cover the whole earth for all you can see. - The Cornhill Magazine. Wolverines Are Ugly Customers

Few Washington people know what a wolverine is. They know that Michigan called the Wolverine state and that Michigan people are called Wolverines. But they have little or no idea why the state was so named or what the nick-

The state is named after an animal that used to infest, and still frequents, the dense woods in the northern part of northern Wisconsin and Canada. This ties of him found in northern European countries are called, the glutton. They are savage beasts, these wolverines are, and they play sad havoc with the cattle a cross between a wolf and bear. The tail and the temper resemble those of a wolf, but in strength and size and savageness they much resemble a bear.

They are less clumsy than bears, though, and they can climb trees. Many a hunter has walked under a tree up in Michigan without looking for a wolverine in the tree first, and the wolverine dropped down on him from one of the lower limbs, and before the next morning had eaten him up, buckskin breeches and all, even to the heels of his hunting boots. They are ugly looking beasts, the only pretty thing about them being their bushy tail, a foot or so long. Their claws are longer and sharper than bears', and

their teeth just as sharp. Altogether the animal is a very unpleasant sort of one to see outside of a cage. They are so savage and so wary and suspicious that it is almost imposdble to catch them alive, and so they don't have them in circuses and zoological gardens, and most people don't know what they are. They are so savage that hunters don't care to hunt them, and so the wolverine has things about his own way where he lives .- Washington Critic.

One Way to Lay a Ghost. "Bill Skimmins buried his father in a most unhandsome way very near his barn," said the man at the other end of the table. "The neighbors thought it was a shame, and made a good deal of talk about it. One of them thought he would punish Bill by scaring him, and laid in wait for him near his father's grave on a dark night.

barn the man rose up as if from the New York. tomb and exclaimed in a ghostly voice, 'I'm your father, Bill!'

"'Who said you warn't!" Bill answer- Guests. ed. 'Git down thar inter yer hole whar yer belong!' and he struck him across the face with a bridle he was carrying such a rap that the would be alarmist carried the scars for months."-Lewiston

Sammie Can Spell.

A little miss of 7 years heard one of her sisters say a day or two ago, "I don't believe I can spell daguerreotype," and she immediately boldly made the assertion, "Sammie can. He can spell every word there is." "Why, Jennie!" exclaimed the little girl's mother, who knew that Sammie was about 10 years of age, and not remarkably precocious in orthography. "Well, he can," persisted the young lady, "but"-and her voice modestly fell as she added the saving clause—"I don't believe he can spell mor'n half of 'em right."-Troy Times.

A charming and thoroughly cosmopolitan woman who came to Boston a year or two ago tells the following sug-

gestive incident: "I was introduced the other day to a naive person, who greeted me cordially, and exclaimed: 'Ah, Mrs. Blenvenue, I have seen you at church and in the street car often. You are from the south, are you not? I knew that you were not a

Photographing the Aurora Borealis. Dr. Kayser has succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the aurora borealis from the summit of Mount Rigi in Switzerland. This is an interesting fact, it having hitherto been regarded as impossible to photograph the aurora for want of a plate sufficiently sensitive to be impressed by its cal geography, declares it to be utterly neutral when exposed to the aurora's rays. Dr. Kayser resorted to special precautions and employed a colored dry plate—the azalin trocken-platte.—New Orleans Picayune.

Two Strings to His Bow. "No, William," she said coldly, with a side long glance to note the effect of her words, "I cannot be your wife. You smoke and you sometimes drink. I have registered a vow not to marry a man who has either of these vices." "All right, Maria," was the humble

reply. "And now will you please ask your younger sister Lulu to come down stairs a moment? She said, when sue kissed me good-by last night, that she would gladly have me if you refused."-

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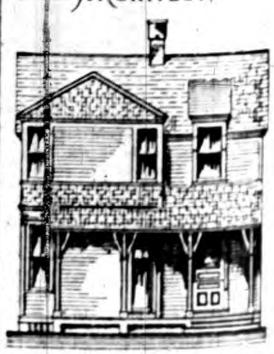
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